

THE
Play-house Scuffle,

OR,

Passive Obedience

Kickt off the Stage.

Being a True

RELATION

OF A

New Tragi-Comedy;

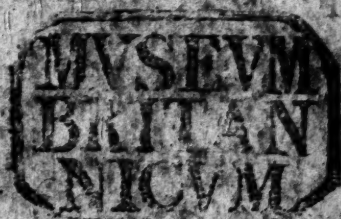
As it was Acted last Week at
the Play-House in Drury-lane;
by several Notorious ACTORS;
frequently call'd Her Majesties
Servants, but of late Turn'd
Their Own Masters.

of 48 Characters between Mr. Pick and Mr. Master &c &c
Play 12.

In Two CANTO's.

L O N D O N:

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[3]

THE
PLAY-HOUSE
SCUFFLE.

Act I. Scene I.

HOW strange an awkward Thing is Man,
Who won't be pleas'd do all you can,
When *Interest* at the Helm commands,
And Reason's Arguments withstands!
As plain appears by what of late
In *Derry-lane*, by wretched Fate,
Happen'd, in this our Jangling Age,
To be transacted on the Stage,
Betwixt two Combatants that fell
Foul on each others Bones pell mell.

One Party *MANAG'D* for Resistance,
And made even Kings to know their Distance,
Passive

Passive Obedience to other's Name,
 Or Non-Resistance, that's the same,
 As *English* Bishop, *French* Eveque,
 Tho' diff'rent spelt, 's the same in Greek.

'Twas rough, but yet a pleasant Scene,
 To see how things wou'd intervene.
 Sometimes for Managers Advantage,
 Altho' they seem'd in Truth to want Age.
 To carry on with hop'd Success,
 A Grand Design, which was no less,
 Irsome (if I the Truth may speak)
 Than Difficult to undertake.
 For tho' by Accident revers'd.

Passive Obedience had the worst,
 At other times, as it fell out,
 Yet they both suffer'd in the Rout.
 Now they were handled very Scurvy,
 Then she again turn'd topsy turvy,
 As things oft hap in Human Life,
 Which circulates with Joy and Grief.
 Then They got uppermost again,
 And *volens volens*, vow'd They'd reign,
 As long's They'd Life and Breath in spite
 Of all *Hereditary Right*.
 Then swearing by Bell, Book and Candle,
 Roughly all Folks began to handle.

Passive Obedience, she was mild,
 And look'd as Harmless as a Child,

(Wit

With no hard Words gave Provocation,
 But manag'd all with *Moderation*.
 Look'd as Demure, tho' but uncouth,
 As if Butter wou'd not melt in 's Mouth.
 Thus things for several Years went easy,
 As Wheels do when they're soundly greasy,
 And without noisy Jars or screaming,
 The whole Gang minded Money-taking,
 And never thought of Blows and Knocks,
 But how to fill Receivers Box.

But as Old Nick wou'd hav't, upon
 A time, suspected then by none,
 There happen'd this so strange Diffension,
 About a new reviv'd *Invention*,
 The like, I think, was never hear'd,
 Since old *Diogen* wore a Beard.
 As Mony is the Root of Evil,
 So here it made 'em play the Devil:
 For at dividing of the Cash,
 Both furiously began to clash.

The ~~Managers~~ all Fire and Tow,
 Told her, they'd be reveng'd, and how,
 And that she was a sneaking Baggage,
 Had no Design, but just to cabbage,
 VVhat she cou'd get, be't right or wrong,
 That was the Burden of *Her Song*,
 But if she was but put on Duty,
 For Interest, she wou'd ne'er be true t' ye?

But would turn Tail, or act so lazy,
 As if she counterfeited crazy,
 As one *Ulyffe* did heretofore,
 T' avoid Fatigues that others bore
 In War, where great Things were a doing,
 To save their Country-men from Ruin,
 By sowing Salt, put Fools in hope
 To have in time a mighty Crop.
 Are these the Tricks? if so, be gone,
 VV'e'll rout you every Mother's Son,
 Before we've done, and make you know,
 Whence we derive our Power, and how.

Passive Obedience here began,
 To rouse at once the Carnal Man,
 Asking the meaning of this Din;
 Are things not quiet all within?
 Don't I stand ready every Day
 To act my Part in every Play?
 All things look pleasantly without,
 The Gentlemen command the Rout,
 Not to molest, or crowd the Doors,
 Or scandalize the House with Whores,
 And all with Complaisance obey,
 Whatever They are pleas'd to say.
 Then whence is all this Hurly Burly,
 That you're so Grim, so Sour and Surly?
 Think not that I, like lazy Fellows
 Plying Day-labour at the Bellows,

Whom

VVhom *Smith* as Journey-men has hir'd
 To work all Day, as if half tir'd,
 Because they shall be paid, they know,
 Whether they do, or do not blow.
 Good Sir, mine is a different Case,
Passive-Obedience is no *Affs*,
 That to *all* Burdens will submit,
 And only do what you think fit,
 Bound to go such a Pace, and no
 Faster than you command to go,
 And in that Road too, bid her run,
 VVhere she is sure to be undone.
 Be your Commands Unjust, or Just,
 Must *She* obey, because she *must*?
 Hold there a little, 'tis well known,
 A Worm will turn, if trod upon,
 Therefore take Care, and keep your Friend,
 If you *begin*, I'll make an *end*.
 But if you *calmly* will but say,
 What makes you fret so much to Day,
 I'll do as much as any Man
 To satisfy you, if I can,
 And set all things to rights to please you,
 If 't can be done, to make you easy.
 Tell me but what's this, *new Invention*
 You have found out to breed Dissention.

Look now, how ignorant you seem,
 (*Stern Managers* said) at this time?

A 4

What

VVhat? you know nothing of the Plot,
 Or if you do, you have forgot,
 At least, you will forget, because
 You know 't contrary to the Laws ;
 You said that *Pow-el*, *Sh—n*, and *Bee-th*,
 And Mistress *Termagant*, forlooth,
 VVith Madam *Sp—s*, and that Gang,
 Do for their VVorth deserve All to hang ;
 And's they came late from Bitching home,
 Went all into the Dressing-Room,
 And there *conjoul'd* Their Heads together,
 As being all Birds of a Feather,
 How to bring out from such a place,
 A Monster of Gigantic Race,
 The People's *Perkin* to advance,
 In time to lead us such a Dance,
 Such as before was never seen,
 Since the Accession of the Queen,
 God bless Her ! to th' Imperial Throne,
 Now *truly made by Law* Her own.
 For since the *People*, when they please,
 Can-make a *King*, with so much Ease,
 They may as easily with a Jerk, in
 Less than two Minutes make a *Perkin*.
 As Children skill'd in raising PASTE,
 Can make *Dirt Pyes* 'bove twice as fast.
 This was your Taunt, and this your Sneering,
 To ridicule our Power by Jeering ;
 But time will come when't shall be known
 VVe'll make a *Perkin* of our own.

For observe this, All Kingly Power,
 Lodg'd in we Monarchs is no more
 Than, as Philosophers declare
 The *Rasa Tabula*, as it were,
 On which, what Figures you think fit
 Of *Kings* or *Beggars* may be writ,
 And as you write 'em, so they stand,
 And are confirm'd by all the Land;
 We mean, by those who make the Laws,
 As being sole Judges in the Cause.
 So that if here you *Beggar* write,
 And underneath it *King* indite,
 If the *Almighty People* range,
 And have a mind the Choice to change
 That *Beggar's Right* and *Lawful King*,
 And that *King Lawfully No—Thing*.
 For Man's *Subiectum incapax*,
 Of Rightful Power, like softned Wax,
 Fix'd on a Deed, whence he't derives,
 Unless its Stamp the *People* gives.
 But you, wise *Gotham* in your Plot,
 A Gypsie that's I know not what,
 VVill have a *Baby*, Fool throughout,
 As he was born without a Clout,
 Have ev'n from *Naked Innocence*,
 A Claim to Rule, and just Pretence;
 Be a *King Harry* in the Play,
 Demand *without reserve* t' obey.
 Tho the next Minute, if we must
 Change Scenes, to make the *Drama* just,

Be

Be forc'd to make him act the Slave,
 Or it may be perhaps, a Knave,
 Yet because born to Kingly Power,
 Be such from *Birth*, the very Hour.
 If so, this wou'd spoil all our Plays,
 As we must act 'em now a-days,
 This is your Plot and carry'd on
 To have the Play-house quite undone,
 But you shall see, we've found your Trick,
 VVe'll counter-plot you in the Nick;
 However, go on with your Show,
 In time you better things will know.

Lord, Sir, what means this mystick Sense?
 I am all o're Obedience,
 I ne'er design'd, tho thus you rage,
 To ruin, or molest the Stage;
 But if you'd have Me act a Play,
 That's incoherent every way,
 Makes *Kings of Beggars, Beggars Kings*,
 (Just as *Tom Thumb* does mighty things,)
 VVhen there's no need to act such Parts
 For us, entire Monarchic Hearts;
 This is our selves to ridicule,
 And each to call himself a Fool.
 No, rather we'll act none at all,
 Before the VVorld shall *Us* so call,
 For one and all, we are agreed,
 To sign this as *our* Act and Deed.

CANTO

Act I. Scene I.

NO sooner had the Sable Night,
 The first *Extinguisher* of Light,
 Pursu'd the Sun to's *Western Bed*,
 Where usually he lays his Head,
 But every Soul with Passion stirs
 For fear of these same *Managers*.
 And as the Rats (as People say)
 B'a sort of Forecast, haste away
 From ruinous House, or tottering Wall,
 In all appearance like to fall;
 So every one bid each' beware,
 Before too late, and things took Air;
 But yet with Providential Eye,
 Not *Empty-handed* thence to fly.
 Yet how to do it, I'll assure you,
 Fairly and Honest, *Salvo Jure*,
 And do no Injury to another,
 Made some Debate, and mighty Pother;
 Tho' every one resolv'd on this,
 That right or wrong, 'twas not amiss;
 Something out of the Publick Stock
 To carry off before Day broke.

Only th' Affair of this Debate
 Made *Non-Resistance* hesitate,
 Whether she *Lawsfully* or no
 Might thence with Goods, as Plunder go.
 Here, *P—t*, since they're own'd by none
 Peculiar, but our selves alone,

Joynt

Joynt and in Common, doubtless 'twas
 Lawful to rob in such a Case,
 That is, take only what's our own,
 Like Bodies Corporate of a Town.
 For since the *whole's* resolv'd to fly,
 That *whole* has Power and Liberty,
 The General Stock, the World all knows,
 To give away at their Dispose ;
 For where's the Injury and VVrong ?
 This is in plain, the short and long,
 If none remains that have a Right,
 No Body can be injur'd by't.
 But besides this, you're made a Tool *Mr Rich*
 By one that has no Right to Rule ;
 If he has any, it is Latent,
 And not express'd at all in's *Patent*,
 For were it so, I'd not dispute
Prerogative, but sit down mute.
 Therefore come on, let's *gut* the House,
 Seize all the Moveables, with our *Cloaths*,
 Dispute who will, when we are gone,
 VVe are the *People*, he's but *One* ;
 And if we all, by joynt Consent,
 According to's own Argument,
 As the sole Right is lodg'd in us,
 Question his Power of acting thus,
 VVho then can call us to Account ?
 Nothing to Treason can amount,
 No, not to Crime, (who will regret,)
 VVhat a *whole Nation* does abett.

'Tis

'Tis not *my* Cloaths, nor *thine*, or *Tours*,
He'd take, but *jointly* what's *all Ours*.

And they that under Masquerade
Of Right will Property invade,
By the same Law give us, as well,
A Right all Violence to repel.

As soon as he had done his Speech
Passive-Obedience turn'd her Breach,
And muttering to her self a while
VVith Anger intermixing Smile,
Around about she turn'd again,
And thus t' harangue the Crowd began.

VVhat Right have we to Goods and Chattels,
VVherein we've fought so many Battels ?
Done many strange Knight-Errant Feats,
And sometimes personated Cheats ?
This does not make the Cloaths we wore,
Our own, since they were here before.

VVe undertook in various Dress,
The Pageantry of Life t' express
How Emperors, for being fool'd
By VVomen, safely ridicul'd,
Brought living on the Stage again,
Buried their Infamy in vain.

How crafty States-men, to be great,
Barter'd, to raise a vast Estate,
Their Conscience, Honour, every thing,
To be the Favourite of a King ;

'Till like a Paper Kite in th' Air,
A Blast, they knew not whence, from far

Rose

Rose and bore down, with fluttering Sound,
 Th' *exalted Machine* to the Ground:
 How *Women* *study'd* to be Lewd,
 And some *Involuntarily* Good,
 Strove with *Reluctance* ev'n of *VVill*,
 In *spite of Nature* to do Ill,
VVhat Tricks, what Artifice and Slight
 They us'd at Day, how ply'd at Night,
 To grow *completely* Debauchees
 At once, not Vicious by Degrees:
 Besides the Few, the *very Few*
Good Men, expos'd to Public View,
 To be Examples to the Town,
VVere in *one* Dress, or *other* shown:
 But then shall we those Garments seize,
 Because in them we us'd to please
 The *vicious* Palates of the Age,
Sooth'd with the *Trifles* of the Stage?
 No, I'll bear off but what's my *Own*,
 I find that Nature's self alone
 Gives somewhere a sufficient Right,
VVithout our Laws to justify't.
 For e'er Societies were known,
 Man always had a right to's *Own*,
 And that his *own* could justly name,
 To which another had no Claim.
 This was a Law by Nature given,
 Unalterable as the Laws of Heaven:
 And the same Right deriv'd from's *Dad*
 The Son Hereditary had;

As much unalterable, as
 The Center from the Earth can pass,
 For what from *Nature* we derive
 Laws may *confirm*, but cannot *give*.
 I'act otherwise a breach of Trust is,
 And nothing but downright Injustice,
 As long as no *Necessity*
 A *Self-Defence* can now imply.

Here *Managers* rose furious, as if
 They wou'd have struck *Obedience Passive*,
 And so they did, for in a Rage,
 They kick'd *The Madam* off the Stage,
 For starting of a silly Scruple,
 And not admitting of a Loop-hole
 To creep out at, when they'd a mind
 To bring about what was design'd,
 But she must prittle prattle Nonsense
 About Religion and good Conscience,
 As if, to carry on a Cause,
 They were not subject to the Laws.

At last Debates being set aside,
 All with Consent to plundering ply'd;
 As when the Hunt-man from the Grounds
 Brings in a Pack of hungry Hounds,
 The greedy Curs, at sight of Meat,
 Run with more eagerness to eat,
 Than they before had done all Day,
 Tho' in full Cry pursuing Prey,
 So every one snatch'd what he cou'd,
 Not minding whether Bad or Good,

VWhether

Whether Habiliments to act in,
 Or curious Engines for transacting
 The *Art of Flying* from on High,
 Or making Rainbows in the Sky,
 Or whether Trap-Doors for up-lifting
 Some Spirit, as the Scenes are shifting,
 To make him show's pale Face and Head,
 As if he rose up from the Dead.
 Or whether 'twere King *Harry's* Cod-piece,
 New mended lately with an odd Piece,
 Cut from Queen *Jane's* old Petticoat,
 Worth in those Times about a Groat;
 Or whether some *Exotic* Slipper,
 The Relique of an old *Dutch* Skipper,
 Or a two-handed large *Toledo*
 Brought hither by one *Don Quevedo*,
 And given to the Play-house Store,
 For them and Heirs for evermore;
 No matter whatsoe'er they get,
 For all was Fish that came to Net:
 With *Bag* and *Baggage* they withdrew,
 And all, before the Morning, flew
 So that we see in spite of Fate,
 That little Ones, as well as Great,
 In the same Course of Life engage,
 And act *one Scene* upon the Stage,
 As soon's Men *Properties* invade,
 Who will, because they will, b' obey'd.
 For tho' Stanch *Non-Resistance* lead to Heaven,
 It will be often left at Six and Seven.

